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ENTER 1905.



PUCK

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ANOTHER CHAPTER in the Book of Time, the 1904th, New Series, is about to be closed, and its successor, the 1905th begun. As we look back upon the twelve monthly paragraphs in which this part of the story of the world's progress has been told, we find little of epoch-making significance in any of the many branches of human effort. In one or two respects perhaps, 1904 has been a record breaker. Some of its disasters have transcended in horror the disasters of other years. In warfare, seen at close range, some of its battles appear to have been bloodier and harder fought than any previously inscribed upon the pages of history, but with no great principle involved by which the sympathies of civilized nations should be perceptibly swerved to one side or the other. In crime, in the latter end of the Chapter, we seem also to have added a new variety of hocus pocus to the already over long list of High Financial offences, and in the matter of murders the year has more than held its own. But in Art, Letters, Science or Politics there is little to be recorded to the credit of 1904 upon which man may plume himself.



The output of poetry, novels and belles-lettres in bulk has been pretty big—some say the books of the Autumn laid side by side in a straight line would reach from New York to Boston and back, but up to the hour of going to press not even with such length to its credit, has any of the literature succeeded in reaching the heart of man, which is a far more important center even than Boston. Nevertheless it shows industry, and we are told that an industrious people are a happy people. Art, somehow or other, seems to have been lost sight of, and outside of Puck's Christmas Number this year has produced nothing especially notable in that direction. The stage has not materially improved, but on the other hand it has not retrograded, and there is to its credit a perceptible decrease in the public liking for shows of the Social Garbage sort, such as Mr. Pinero writes and Mr. Fitch imitates, and a decided increase in a liking for the clean, honest pictures of American life from the pen of George Ade. From this point of view, stage conditions may be set down as hopeful. Science has worked along quietly, and has reasonably advanced along lines of little resistance; but 1904 has disclosed nothing that indicates the presence among us of anything new in the way of wizards. In politics we have had an amazing year in the reversal of precedents, and in the extent to which strange bedfellows can lie down in peace together. For the first time in our history a Vice-Presidential President has been elected Chief Magistrate, and the size of his vote was such as to inspire serious reflection as to the desirability of its quality. Strange things, politically, have happened in almost every step of the year's development but no one can honestly say that 1904 has revealed a Statesman, but rather that the year's ratio of Aarons to Moses is such as to cast the silver heresy forever into the shade. All of which is set forth here in no pessimistic spirit, but on the contrary in a mood of hope. It will be all the easier for the shortcomings of 1904, for man to make something better of 1905. It sometimes happens that one year is so fruitful in marvellous achievement as to make the next hopeless of progress. Such is not the case at the present time, and we therefore have every reason to look forward to 1905 with a sense of real joy, and with a lively expectation that its passing will show something doing and that its completion shall record something done.

VARDAMAN GETS his invitation to the inauguration of President Roosevelt after all. Well, perhaps it is for the best. Puck for one did not wish to have him invited, but it is just possible that it will work for every one's good to have him there. By contact with others he may learn how to behave like a governor and a gentleman.



OF ALL the individuals in the world the man with the greatest opportunity for reform at this swearing off period of the year is the Czar of Russia. He has lying clearly defined before him two paths upon his choice of which much depends. To those of our way of thinking, it seems incredible that at the junction of the crossroads which he has now reached, the one leading to liberty and enlightenment, and the other to despotism and ultimate anarchy, any man could hesitate, but the unfortunate figure-head of the Russian Empire may be forgiven if he does not clearly see his duty in the premises. There is much in his environment to affect the clearness of his vision and to make his choice a difficult one. His position is by no means enviable; but we repeat, the opportunity which Fate has thrown athwart his path is so great as to compensate for all his trials and tribulations provided he chooses aright. The coming year will probably reveal more than ever the exact measure of the man, and Puck hopes it will show itself to be big enough to occupy a large place on the pages of history.

ONE OF PUCK's pleasant duties is to lie awake nights trying to think out plans which shall add to the gaiety of nations. Convinced as he is that there cannot be too much happiness and merriment in the world, he is constantly endeavoring to provide the means by which these two desirable things may be brought about. Sometimes the results of all this strenuous cogitation on his part are spread in picture and in text upon the pages which he presents to his readers week after week, but it quite often happens that the kind of things that will make the world laugh most quickly and persistently are not printable—not because they are not decent, but because they must be presented as things existent, not as things described or pictured. One of these plans has just occurred to him and he sincerely hopes that the agencies necessary to the realization of his scheme will see things as he does and be willing to act. The plan as Puck conceives it is to take this Lawson-Standard Oil scrap out of the papers and magazines and to continue it in the Madison Square Garden or some convenient ten acre lot in *propria persona*. Mr. Lawson's raps at J. S. O. E. P. D. Q. Addicks and H. H. H. H. Rogers make exciting reading, and the advertising recriminations in which both sides have indulged latterly have been edifying to an extreme degree, but how much better would it be if the contending parties were to meet in the Arena and fight it to a finish with their fists and tongues instead of with vitriolic pens. Puck would love to see Mr. Lawson administer a solar plexus to Mr. Rockefeller, as well as to witness the head splitting welt the latter would return at the usual interest rates. What could be more delicious than twenty rounds without gloves between Lawson and Addicks, and what more amusing than the feints which Lawson and Colonel Greene would employ to avoid each other's blows when at last they really met after columns of Come Ons and Go Tos. Somehow or other, we feel too that the battle of Frenzied Finance would be the more quickly over were this suggestion of ours to be adopted by the principals in question and the public thereby relieved of a spectacle that, as it is now conducted, is rapidly becoming a bore.



public thereby relieved of a spectacle that, as it is now conducted, is rapidly becoming a bore.

RECENT INCIDENTS in the Financial world call vividly to mind that fine old college song, the lyric mainstay of many a 'varsity glee club:

Greene and Lawson had a fight,
They fit all day and they fit all night.
And next morning it was seen
To be a big "ad" for a Magazine.



By ALTON BROOKS PARKER.

YOU ASK ME, PUCK, if I have made any New Year vow. My answer frankly is, Yes. As a rising young corporation lawyer, I shall accept as clients only such trusts as are "good;" guaranteed so by unimpeachable Republican authority. Good trusts, I need not add, are those which reduce the cost of manufacture, and likewise the price to the consumer; those which pat their small competitors on the head and settle near them solely so as to make their burden lighter; those which are sympathetic, considerate, benevolent—in short, good. If I'm ever in doubt during the coming year as to whether a trust is good or bad, I have only to consult Mr. Root. He knows; not only as a lawyer but as a Republican.

By CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

On New Year's Day, I shall neither swear off nor resolve. My day for both is the fourth of March, some two months later. Then I have made up my mind to give up all public matters and duties, such as devolved upon me as senator, and accept for four consecutive years the presidency of the richest and most exclusive social club in the United States; and I might say in the world, were it not for the older established and still more exclusive English club, picturesquely known as the House of Lords. During these four years, I intend to lead a quiet, sequestered life, but keeping myself the while in fine trim physically by daily use of the gavel, and occasionally by a little light exercise on the Indiana Machine.

By DAVID BENNETT HILL.

No resolves that I might make would be of interest to the public now, my dear PUCK. It is too late. A glimpse of my state of mind may be had, perhaps, from the titles of two poems; both of which I have committed to memory and am repeating constantly. "Good-by, Proud World, I'm Going Home," by Emerson—that is one. And "The Death of the Old Year," by Tennyson—that is the other. They both fit my case so beautifully. I may add, however, as a final message to my many ill-wishers, that I am a Democrat still; differing only from my former self in that the stillness is more intense.

By CARRIE NATION.

My resolves for the New Year? Why, there ain't room in the New Year to hold them all. Oh, glory, glory, what a blessed thing the new year is! It is so full of time, and time is what it takes to convince these doubting people that I am their guiding star. Oh, blessed time! Give us more of it, lots of it, endow us with it till we have time to spare. There is no time like the present, they will tell you; but that is a lie—a wicked lie. There is no time like the future. That is the best time, the most glorious time, and it is high time—Oh, yes, about that resolution. Well, I've sworn to myself that in 1905 I will wreck all the drug stores, more power to my hatchet. What is in the soothing syrup? Alcohol. In the patent tonic? Alcohol. In pills, powders, everything? Alcohol. Down, down then with the demon drug stores! Oh, blessed new year! Oh, precious time! Crash! Crash!

By THOMAS W. LAWSON OF BOSTON.

I have made no New Year's resolve. The Old Year's is plenty good enough. Namely: never to let up on Henry, John and William, to say nothing of James. Look out also for my next sensation: "Frenzied Cup Defending." Scene is laid in Wall Street and off Sandy Hook. A complete inside history of Amalgamated Yachting.

By WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

My plans for the new year? Why, with pleasure. Chief among them, of course, are my plans for "The Commoner," which I need scarcely say is to be bigger, brighter and better than ever. Beginning with January, each issue

will contain the following attractions: An Obituary Department, conducted inimitably by Thomas Tibbles; articles by Thomas E. Watson, "How to Catch and Mount Gold Bugs," "Six Easy Ways to Make Fiat Money," "How a Poor Boy may Become a Populist," etc.; an Emancipated Woman's Page, conducted by Mary Elizabeth Lease; and a series of helpful, healthful talks by myself, called "The Man who makes his Own Trouble." Now is the time to subscribe.

By GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

Beginning with January first, I am determined to take more and more outdoor exercise. I lead too quiet a life. In this climate, where the atmosphere is crisp and invigorating, there is nothing so healthful and stimulating as a good, hard run,—say from fifteen to twenty miles a day. It keeps the body in excellent repair, reduces superfluous flesh and baggage, and, I have ample reason for believing, promotes longevity. This, the Gospel of the Simple Life-Saver, I shall continue to preach to my troops during 1905.

By SECRETARY LESLIE M. SHAW.

My friends and myself, respected PUCK, will solemnly swear off bargain hunting in the year that is to be. I am convinced that inasmuch as high prices and prosperity are distinctly synonymous (authority—any of my speeches) the bargain sale is steadily undermining our national supports. We can never reach prosperity's highest peak while some of us persist in hunting bargains; hunting them despite the fact that a little patience, a little perseverance, would reveal the same article or goods at a much greater cost. During the new year, so far as I am able, I will devote myself, heart and soul, to combating this growing department store evil. Look out, therefore, for Shaw's Prosperity Bazaars in all leading cities. Prices higher than the highest.

By BENJAMIN B. ODELL.

During the year about to begin, permit me to say that I shall attend strictly to business. And that, at this time, is my best advice to all young men: attend strictly to business. The coming year I shall make my headquarters the main office at Newburgh; but those having business with me at Albany will find my representative, Mr. Higgins, both affable and obliging. To the grocery trade throughout the state, I shall soon put out a new and predigested staple, Platt's Buckwheat Breakfast Food. Special double discount to State Charities Department.

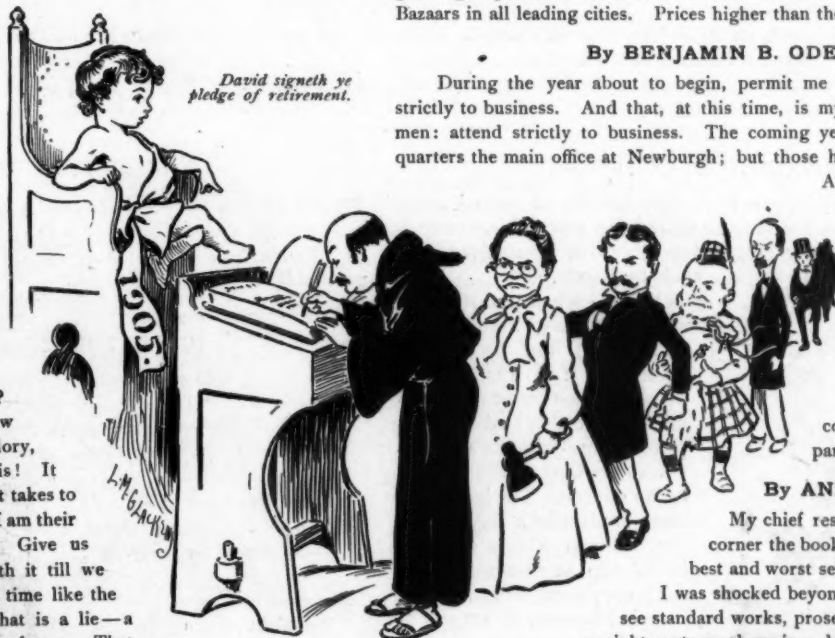
By ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My chief resolve for the new year is to corner the book market and put all books, best and worst sellers, in Carnegie Libraries. I was shocked beyond measure the other day to see standard works, prose and poetry, selling as low as eight cents a volume in a department store. If people can buy the best authors at such a figure, thought I, a philanthropist might just as well build an Old Folks' Home or an Orphanage as a Public Library. Hence, my resolve. As to other and more recent matters, I can only say this: My time-worn resolution, never to sign notes under any circumstances for anybody on earth, I have gone carefully over with a pneumatic rivetter and put in absolutely first-class condition. I could n't break it now even if I tried.

By CASSIE CHADWICK.

My resolutions? Me? Oh, of all the impertinent—Still, I s'pose I'd better answer and be done with it. There's no such thing as privacy in this country, anyhow. If I get time, or if I don't, just as you prefer, I'm going to found a Business College. That's my resolution for 1905. Its chief feature will be a complete banking department, where the most modern of all banking methods, the Chadwick method, will be taught exclusively. The instruction will not be theoretical, but in the highest degree practical. Students will be admitted at any time, and may take, if they wish, a post-graduate course in safe-deposit-vaulting. There!

A. H. F.





AN EASY MARK.

ARIZONA AL.—New York feller said he 'd a five spot for me if I 'd hit a bottle at a hundred yards.
TALL GRASS TIM.—Hit it?
ARIZONA AL.—Naw; but I 'm hittin' it at one yard all right.

AN UNPROMISING OUTLOOK.

"I GENERALLY make my biggest hit," airily said the picture enlarger, one of whose faults was that he talked too much, "in persuading married ladies to order enlarged portraits of themselves with which to surprise their husbands."

"Well,—er—h'm!—when you start out this time, Mr. Sawney," returned the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "If I was in your place I 'd just sorter omit callin' at that 'ere light-drab-with-peach-blow-trimmin's house two doors west of the Presbyterian church. The lady livin' there is plannin' a surprise for her husband who is off on a fishin' trip at present, but as she is considerable red-headed, and he mistook a can of maple syrup for floor polish, and anointed, so to describe the process, the whole lower side of the parlor with it, durin' her absence, yesterday afternoon, I am inclined to think that the surprise which will greet him when he returns from fishin'—and, come to think

about it, he started off pretty impromptu, as it were—will be quite a good deal different from an enlarged picture."

SHOWING PROPER RESPECT.

I NOTICED that he raised his hat as he handed over the coin.
"Upon passing a dollar," said he, perceiving my perplexity.



LINGUISTICS.

"Cabby, what street will take me to the station?"
"Take me cab, an' I 'll take yez to a strate that 'll take yez there in no toime."

THE RETURNED TOURIST.

BALD BEAUMONT.—Gee, is dat you, Clarence? Where you been keepin' yourself dese days?

COMATOSE CLARENCE.—Me? Why, I been in one o' dem personally-conducted-ten-day-includin'-all-expenses tours to de Island.

HUNT THE SILVER LINING.

MANY THINGS my pockets hold,
Letters asking payment;
Letters that have been returned;
Dunning bills for raiment.

Four-year-old climbs on my knee
Dressed up spick and spandy,
Does n't look for all those things—
Pokes around for candy.

Not a bad idea, hers,
We might pattern after,
May be grief instead of joy,
May be tears for laughter.
Lots of trouble all around,
Trustfully divining,
Need n't look for all those things,
Hunt the silver lining.

McLandburgh Wilson.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE.

"HE writes 'i' in the first person and It in the third. Is he so ignorant as all that?"

"Not necessarily. Perhaps he has simply been up against it."



PUCK

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"WHAT is that fellow over there going to jump for?" inquired a guest of the Pruntytown tavern. "And is n't he a long time in getting started? He's been in that same position for the last ten or fifteen minutes; if he is going to jump, for goodness sake, why don't he?"

"He ain't goin' to," replied the landlord. "That's Lester Lazenberry, the laziest man in town, and it's his baggy trousers that fool you."

UNREASONABLE.

"THAT whitewash you put on my fence all washed off during last night's shower," expostulated the irate Mr. Smith.

"Wal! Foh de Lawd's sake! You don't expect to get a rain coat for a dollah, does yah?" replied the facetious colored man.

JOLTING, BUT TRUE.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And the ambulance surgeon
Diagnosed it as a case of intoxication.

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

ST. PETER.—Well, what do you want?
AD. AGENT.—Say, don't you think your Pearly Gate would be more artistic covered with a soap chromo?



EASY ENOUGH.

BANK TELLER.—You will have to be identified, ma'am.
LADY.—My friend here will identify me.
BANK TELLER.—But I don't know her, you know.
LADY.—Oh, well, I'll introduce you.



NOTHING TAXING.

MRS. FARMER.—I suppose you have worked awful hard trying to find work?
TRAMP.—Not very—only about as hard as I'd work if I should find work, ma'am.

HER NAME FOR IT.

"I SUPPOSE you ride on the Interurban road a great deal," said Mrs. Gazzam to old Mrs. Weatherwax, referring to the trolley line which connected a number of rural towns.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Weatherwax, "we use the Inter-Reuben a great deal."

MAN.

AT LAST the gods were wearied of hearing man complain about the weather.

"What will you have?" they asked.

Man replied with the description of a perfect day.

"Very well," said the gods. "Henceforth every day shall be such a day as you describe."

For a week man complained of other things; after that, of the weather, as before.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

AND NOW," continued the attorney for the prosecution, "what reason have you for stating that the prisoner was suffering from acute mental aberration?"

The witness used her handkerchief. "He took me to the theater twice in one week, insisting each time that we ride in a cab instead of the cars. Each time he bought me flowers, and once a box of candy. He even sat with me between acts."

"But surely," observed the attorney in bewilderment, "these actions do not prove insan—"

"You forget," interrupted the counsel for defence, "you forget that the prisoner is this lady's husband."

DRAMA.

YE PLAYE's ye thyng, quote Shakespeare,
As did he lyghtly thynke
Of nether lymbes, of diamants,
And eke of prynter's ynke.

OPULENT POLKVILLE.

"HOW are times here, at present?" inquired the picture-enlarger.
"Good!" triumphantly replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "Times is just a-whizzin', here, and don't you fergit it! Why, shucks!—a member of a *Ten Nights in a Bar-room* company was inviggled into a game of poker by one of our prominent real estate agents, a few nights ago, and promoted out of forty-six dollars; and it's all in general circulation around town now—it was n't stage-money, neither!"

THE SOCIAL LAW.

MRS. SOCIETY.—So poor Mrs. Smythe is dead.
MRS. ROCKS.—Yes! Poor thing. Shall you go to the funeral?
MRS. SOCIETY.—Oh my, no! She owes me a call.

SWEET SIXTEEN is famous, to be sure, but it is the average woman's twenty-fifth birthday, perhaps, that is most celebrated.



METHOD.

A violin teacher named Gray
To his studio strode every day.
"If I walk to my work,"
He remarked with a smirk,
"I've observed that it helps me to play."



AFTER SERVICE.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.—I don't suppose you noticed it, Father, but Mrs. De Alterale had another new bonnet on this morning.

THE RECTOR.—I dare say, daughter. The milliners, I sometimes fear, are more responsible for church attendance than the preachers.

COURTHOUSE LOAFERS' TALES.

THE Coroner opened the door and stuck in his head.

"Come in," said the County Clerk. "Bill was just about to tell us some of the things he saw in Missouri."

The Traveller nodded. "Yas, great country, Missouri. 'Member the first night I got there. Had a room in the Hotel—an' it sholy was a fine hotel, had lamps in every room, did n't see a single candle thar—had a room with a feller from Texas. Wall, it mout have been long 'bout twelve o'clock, when I hears him strike a match, an' then Bang! Bang! Bang! goes his gun. That 'most scared me to death, I thought he was shootin' at me, did n't know but what I 'd kept him awake, snorin'. But he lays down again, an' I asks him what he was shootin' at."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

L. R. S., of the Suicide Club: "No, the automobile does not insure certain death; better try jumping off a sky-scraper."

"Aw, I just shot two or three of them pesky fleas," he says, sorter surprised like. An' sho-nuf, in the morning there they were, layin' on the floor, 'bout big as rabbits."

"Did n't all that shootin' make no excitement in the hotel?" asked the County Clerk, as he lit his pipe with a strip from a mortgage deed.

"Oh no, they was used to it, it was goin' on all night," said the Traveller.

"I was in Indiana once," said the Coroner, "an' that sho is the place! I was stayin' with my Cousin Tom, an' all durin' the night it sounded like a million dogs fightin' under the house. Next mornin' I asked Tom what it was."

"Oh," he says, "That was my flea a-fightin' at them dogs on him. I got to get somethin' to keep them dogs offen my flea, don't they will eat him plum up!"

Emmett Campbell Hall.

STRANDED TOWN.

OH, Stranded Town is a dismal place.
Don't visit it e'er, my son.
There's never a friendly hand or face;
Nor slap on the back, not one.

The air is cold and the wind is keen,
While always gray is the sky,
But never an open door is seen—
It's Stranded Town, that's why.

A scowl is all they give for a smile;
For the choicest talk, a frown.
Ah, home! Sweet home! Full many a mile
Art thou from Stranded Town.

A. H. F.



The Adventure of the Double Santa Claus



BEING THE THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH ADVENTURE IN THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

IT WAS THE night before Christmas. Prey to a depression I could not shake off, I sat alone in my old lodgings in Baker street. I had not seen Sherlock Holmes for six weeks, and I feared the worst. Holmes, I knew, had received a letter from Dr. Conan Doyle, threatening him with death, but he treated it lightly. Doyle had threatened him before, and it

had come to nothing. "Watson," he said, with his enigmatic smile, "Watson, I am immortal."

I was unable to share his optimism. Dr. Conan Doyle was a desperate man, who, harassed by editors, would stop at nothing. As the weeks passed, and no word of Holmes reached me, suspicion that my friend was no more grew into certainty, and I mourned for him in the laboratory where so often I had watched him busy over test tubes. Never again, I thought, should I hear his familiar sharp indrawing of the breath; never again should I meet him at Paddington for the 11:15 train, or run about London to insert want ads. in the newspapers at his command; never again hear him say, "Watson, there has been devilish work here," or "Come, Watson, our task is finished," or "You remember, Watson, what Goethe said," or "Can your patients spare you for a few days, Watson?" I glanced moodily at the Persian slipper in which Holmes kept his tobacco; at the wash pitcher which held his supply of matches. I was even more sharply reminded of his absence by the reflection that my medical practice was picking up again.

A rap at the door cut short my meditations. Hopefully I sprang up, only to taste disappointment. An expressman had arrived with a trunk. On it was tacked a card, a message in Holmes' handwriting. It read:

"In case of accident notify Dr. Watson, Baker street, London."

One glance at the contents of the trunk, and I fell back with a cry of horror. A human body, horribly mangled, as if by an explosion of dynamite, was before me! Dr. Conan Doyle had kept his word! He had blown up Sherlock Holmes, and he had made a complete job of it!

Sick with the horror of the thing I staggered towards the whiskey, and was in the act of taking the bottle from the coalscuttle when a familiar chuckle caused me to wheel about.

Sherlock Holmes stood in the doorway!

"Holmes! Holmes!" I gasped. "Or, merciful Jove! is it his ghost?"

"Tush, Watson. I tell you I am immortal," replied my friend.

"And this?"—I indicated with a shaking finger the gruesome trunkful.

"My most original disguise; a little surprise for you, Watson. You see, by an unfortunate mistake Dr. Doyle blew up the wrong man. Hist!"

A timid knock at the door. I pushed the trunk into the laboratory while Holmes responded to the summons. A little girl entered.

"Please, sir, I wish to see Mr. Holmes," she said gravely. "Are you Mr. Holmes? Oh, sir, I am so glad I have found you. I am in great distress. Won't you please tell me whether there really is a Santa Claus? I feel sure there is, but he says Santa Claus is only a myth."

"He? He? Who is he?" asked Sherlock Holmes, patting the child's head. "Who has been poisoning your mind, little girl?"

"Professor Moriarty," she replied, sobbingly.

"By heaven, Watson! That fiend again!" cried Holmes. "There, there, little girl, don't cry. Tell Dr. Watson where you live and then run along

home. Of course there is a Santa Claus, and Sherlock Holmes will find him for you."

While I noted the tot's address and dismissed her with a lollipop Holmes busied himself in the laboratory, and presently appeared with a complete Santa Claus disguise.

"Watson," said he, "can you leave your practice for a few hours?"

I replied that Anstruther could probably look after it.

"Good," he said. "At midnight, then, we start."

Holmes ascended to the roof by means of a scaling ladder, drawing me after him from sill to sill. He then examined the chimney.

"Rather narrow," he muttered; "but we will make it. Would you mind going down first, Watson?"

He fastened a rope about my waist and lowered me to the hearth; then he secured the rope to the chimney pot and himself slid down. Fortunately the fire was out.

"Remain here, Watson," he whispered, and shouldering his pack of toys he stepped into the room. A match flared. Holmes lighted the gas. At the same instant he uttered a cry, and peering forth I saw a remarkable picture.

Two men disguised as Santa Claus, each with a pack on his back, confronted each other; while in the doorway, candle in hand, stood a nightrobed figure, the little girl that had visited our lodgings!

Instantly the men recognized each other. The sudden sharp indrawing of the breath betokened Sherlock Holmes. The cold, steely glitter of eye could belong to no other than Professor Moriarty. Holmes hurled himself upon his ancient foe with the force of a catapult, and the two rolled on the floor. The little girl vanished with a scream that awakened the entire household.

I sprang forward to lend my friend a hand, but even as I left the chimney I saw Moriarty, escaped in some way from Holmes' tigerish clutch, rise from the floor. He dashed by me and disappeared up the chimney, employing the rope by which we had descended.

"After him!" cried Holmes, beginning the ascent; but Moriarty, reaching the roof, cut the rope, and we fell back on the hearth, with his malicious laugh ringing in our ears. At the same instant the room filled with people in various stages of dishabille, and a

police officer followed in and laid hold of us. It was Lestrade!

"Oh, see what Santa Claus has brought me!" piped the little girl, rummaging in Holmes' pack of toys.

"Oh, my silver!" shrieked a woman, opening a pack which Moriarty had dropped. "They were just carrying it off."

"Hardly a fair exchange, said Lestrade, advancing with the handcuffs. Holmes removed his cotton whiskers, and the police officer fell back, gasping: "Sherlock Holmes!"

"Lestrade," said Holmes, "I turn this case over to you. I desire no glory, and request that you keep my name out of it."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes," replied

Lestrade gratefully. Holmes turned to me.

"Come, Watson; our task is finished."

B. L. T.



Instantly the men recognized each other.





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE RUSSIAN C

PUCK



RUSSIAN CROSS-ROADS.

THE NOVEL OF 1915.



IN THE year 1905, having accumulated more money by writing popular novels than he could ever spend, Milton Shakespeare Browne resolved to realize the great ambition of his life—to write, not pot-boilers, but a book that would live and make his name venerated throughout the ages. Accordingly, he betook himself to an island in the far seas where he dwelt remote from civilization for ten long years. By day and by night he labored, his whole mind intent upon his task. No messages reached him from the outside world. In all that time he saw neither books nor newspapers, but devoted himself to his great work. This finished, he returned home joyfully and placed his manuscript in the hands of his former publisher. When he called a few days later to inquire concerning his story, the publisher bore the look of an unwilling executioner.

"I am sorry, Mr. Browne," he said, "but we can not publish your story in its present form. The plot is not so bad, but the style is ten years behind the times. Condensation and directness are the features of story-telling nowadays, and we would n't sell enough copies of your book to pay for the ink. Take this description of your heroine, for instance. You say: 'Her patrician oval face was framed by masses of rich golden hair and in her sea-blue eyes the love light danced most mockingly. Her ruby lips parted in a smile of entrancing sweetness and the deep color came and went in her velvet cheeks as her noble lover sauntered up the driveway.' Now, that sort of thing was all right ten years ago, but it won't do nowadays. In describing their heroes and heroines our up-to-date authors employ the Bertillon system exclusively. To illustrate: one of our live authors, with a heroine like yours on his hands, would put a little note at the head of the first chapter somewhat after this fashion: *Height, five feet eight inches; weight, 115 pounds; hair, red; eyes, blue; face, oval.* You see, that disposes of the matter at the outset, and there is nothing in the way of long-winded description to distract the reader's attention from the story itself. Catch the point?"

"And then, Mr. Browne, the way you handle the weather in your story is, to say the least, rather irritating to the modern reader. On page 246 you say: 'The wind sighed dismally and the rain beat fitfully against the window pane as Clementina peered out through the gathering gloom. For days the sun had sulkily hid himself while the weeping clouds poured forth their grief.' And then for three more pages you go on and describe weather conditions, while all this time the anxious reader is wondering which fellow is going to get her and which fellow is going to be lucky enough not to. Now, here is the way we handle that: each chapter has its official weather report, neatly inscribed at the beginning, such as: *Weather—Rain, with winds slowly shifting southeast. Followed by clearing and cooler.* Just think of the saving in white paper alone, to say nothing of ink and the reader's patience!"

"It must have been during your retirement," continued the publisher, "the discovery was made that the ingredients of the average popular novel were in about the following proportions: weather, two-tenths; description of characters, three-tenths; scenery, one-tenth; description of clothes, three-tenths; plot, one-tenth. That discovery revolutionized the style of modern fiction, and that is why the successful novel of this year of grace 1915 consists of thirty pages instead of three hundred. If you will re-write your story and make it up-to-date we might possibly make it one of our best-selling books of the year and dispose of several

thousand copies. You know, accidents will happen."

"Several thousand?" cried Mr. Browne, aghast. "don't you mean hundred thousand?"

"Not at all, Mr. Browne. Surely you are aware that the only book-buyers any more are the Carnegie free libraries, of which there is one at every cross-road from Maine to California and from Seattle to Palm Beach. Our novels are so very condensed that you can read one of them through in ten minutes, so that a few thousand copies, well circulated, soon reach every reader in the country. It has been estimated that the amount of energy saved to readers by the condensing system amounts to four million horse-power annually."

"But what becomes of the author's profits?" gasped Mr. Browne.

"Oh, that's all arranged for. The public were so delighted with the new literary dispensation that they cheerfully contributed to the fund for the support of eminent authors, a good deal on the principle of paying the organ grinder not to grind in front of your house. Any person who has a novel published is entitled to draw from this fund. The smaller the sales, the more he draws. From a cursory inspection of your story, I should say that you might draw the largest amount on record."

Pondering deeply on this astonishing literary revelation, Mr. Browne picked up his hat and retired to get his mental bearings and prepare to mould the novel of 1905 into the novel of 1915.

Robert Webster Jones.



PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

"I was really so excited that I just simply lost my voice altogether."
"Was n't that lucky! I was wondering how they came to accept it."

UNKNIGHTLY.

"SPEAK to me, Lawrence!" implored the wretched girl.

The man drew back coldly.

But Geraldine had one more card to play.

"Lawrence," said she, "you know what a lot of talk it takes to make any kind of a story these days, and it were not generous or knightly of you to put up less than your share of it."

She saw her husband wince, with this, and pressed him no further, then, well knowing that the shaft had struck home.

A SHERLOCKIAN DEDUCTION.

BETWEEN hisses and short puffs at his cigarette, the villain mused thusly: "Aha! It is indeed passing strange."

"Aha!" exclaimed the detective, who had been hot on the trail since the end of the prologue; "he's the king of the counterfeiters, all right, for 'passing strange' can mean nothing but 'showing the queer.'"

It was quite evident to every one who heard that it was near 10:30 P. M.

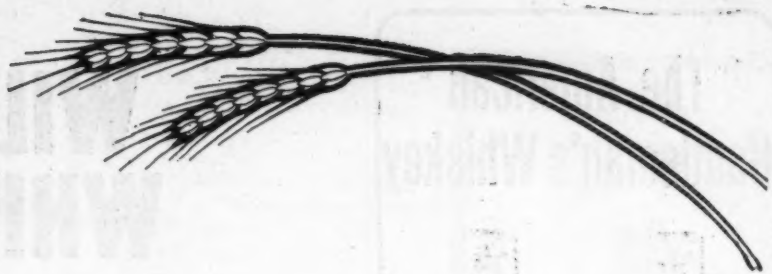


NOTHING DOING IN HIS LINE.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.—I'm glad to hear you admire my work, Mr. Porkham. Have you ever been done in oil?

MR. PORKHAM.—Not on your life! Whenever them Standard guys float anything, your Uncle Hiram dons a cork vest and then keeps off.

Schlitz



The One Pure Beer

Not all beer is pure beer—that's why we ask you to be careful.

The reason is cost. Schlitz beer costs the brewer double what common beer costs.

We must pay the price for good barley. We must go to Bohemia for hops. We must bore to rock for our water.

Cleanliness costs fortunes. We cool the beer in filtered air. We age it for months, so it cannot cause biliousness. We sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

Do you suppose we would do all that if beer could be pure without it? Yet Schlitz beer costs you no more than beer brewed without these precautions. Ask for the brewery bottling.



The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

The American Gentleman's Whiskey



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"MR. ROCKEFELLER is a believer in high things," says Pastor Johnson. Yes, Kerosene, for one.

A WISE JUDGE has decided that poker is not a game of chance but of skill. The skill, we take it, lies in the dealing.

ASTRONOMER MAUNDER of Greenwich deduces that "the earth is continually renewing its structure at the sun's expense." A great many men are built the same way.



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Handsome Addition

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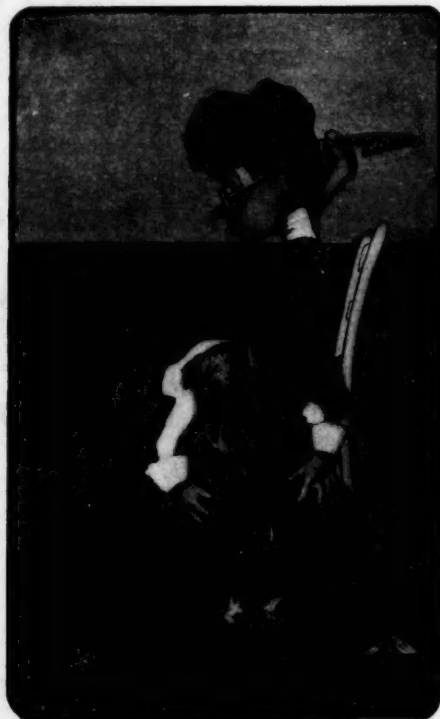
WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

THEY ARE making progress on the Brooklyn Subway at the rate of 7 feet per day. That is almost as fast as some of Brooklyn's trolley cars in rush hours.

THERE IS no use appealing to the people who advertise in the Subway. It's an axiom that there's nothing so deaf as an Ad-der.

By AN English court it has lately been decided that "a schoolmaster is not a gentleman." Never mind, teacher. There's many an English gentleman who could n't be a schoolmaster.



KNEW THE RULES.

WILLY. — It ain't fair to hit below the belt, Ma!

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

GERMAN TROOPS in Southwestern Africa are using dogs in guard duty. They are said to do excellent service. What is the countersign, "Woof" or "Gr-r-r-rh"?

MAYBE TOM LAWSON knows about those Chadwick notes. Speak up, Thomas! Who really did sign Carnegie's name to them, Addicks or red, white and blue-eyed Harry Rogers?

"THE SIMPLE Life for Five Cents—how extraordinary," says a contemporary. Tush! What kind of a giddy whirl do you expect for a nickel? You can't keep a yacht for much less than fifteen.

THE BOSTON museum was so careless as to buy a "genuine Velasquez," the genuineness of which is now doubted. The way to test an old master is to boil it twenty minutes. If it is bogus the colors will run.

APROPOS of his re-election, via Albany, Senator Depew had this to say: "The majority of them will, I presume, vote as the organization says; which, I presume, is as Governor Odell says." Obviously, after this, any advocate of the popular vote idea is either a dreamer or a demagogue.

"EVER SINCE Mrs. Chadwick appeared in Wall street," saith report, "there has been a great deal of speculation as to what she was doing there." Them Wall street fellers will speckelate on anything, by hen!

DR. ANDERSON of Yale affirms that classical students are weaker than scientific students. It is now up to Chemist Wiley to feed his government squad on Greek roots and report results. Till then we shall continue skeptical.

YOU'D know a Kipling story without his signature. CLUB COCKTAILS are in the same class. Their qualities are always recognized by the particular man.
Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Pears'

"There's no place like home," and no soap like Pears.'

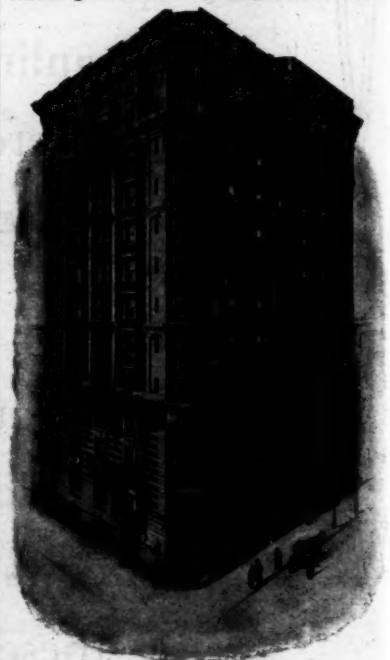
Pears' Soap is found in millions of homes the world over.

Sold everywhere.

HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet Located for Quiet and Ease. Near R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars connecting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES,
Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

LOS ANGELES—Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL.

NATURAL WHISKEY



BOTTLED IN BOND
WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

MINISTER WITTE of Russia is said to be a man of a few words. Brevity, you know, is the soul, etc.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE clergyman would cut out "love" from the marriage service. "Obey," as he very truly remarks, is no longer deemed an essential. He is a halting mortal, this clergyman. Let's cut out "honor," too, and make a clean job of it.



UNACCOMMODATING.

MR. CITYFLATT (reading).—The widow of that "commuter" who was killed in the railroad wreck has been awarded sixty thousand dollars damages.

MRS. CITYFLATT.—There—and I've been vainly trying to induce you to move to the suburbs for years—you mean thing!

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill that "tired feeling."

PUCKERINGS.

CONSIDERING THE Book of Job, Dr. Minot Savage finds much to criticise. So did Job.

SIGN ON Broadway: "Umbrellas, 75 Cents Up." Puzzle: How much are they when closed?

MME. CALVÉ has recovered from her attack of appendicitis, and is in good vermiform again.

PREHISTORIC PIES have been discovered at Pompeii. They were the kind that mother used to make.

THERE WILL soon be work in plenty, for the North River stevedores, unloading large cargoes of abandoned diplomats.

IN HIS message to the Finns, the Czar prays that their minds may be enlightened. The Finns, we trust, will reciprocate in kind.

MURPHY GAVE \$1,500 to the poor of his district. This is the money which, given at Christmas, talks most fluently the following November.

MANILA CIGARS are feared. At least, they are feared by the Tobacco Trust. By the public, Manila cigars are not the only ones to be feared.

TWO MOORS from the Exposition have recently been robbed in Hoboken. It will occur to them, possibly, that this is Uncle Sam's revenge for the Perdicaris affair.

A COP WENT to sleep in a Victoria theater box, and was dismissed from the force for drowsiness. He might have had a better sleep if he had picked out Parsifal.

HERR VON WOLLMAR in the German Reichstag declares that "the internal state of Russia is not yet ripe." Strange. We thought it—well—just a trifle over-ripe.

SCHWAB, at the Strollers' Club recently, was introduced by the toastmaster as "the Star of Bethlehem." He differs from the other star, however, in that wise men do not follow him.

NINE NEW torpedo-boats have been taken apart and shipped to Russia as merchandise. This is a distinct novelty. Usually, when a Russian craft is taken apart, it is shipped to the bottom as junk.

IF THE New York Democracy wants a new leader, says Norman E. Mack, it will have to grow one. That's a first-rate notion. But while he is growing who'll be the customary "queen regent?"

NEXT SPRING, in Texas, there is to be a grand re-union of the Rough Riders. If the function is to include all rough riders, irrespective of army service, an invitation should be sent at once to the National Brotherhood of Strap-holders.

DAINTY
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIVE



LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—
Formerly known as Chartreuse

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Puck's
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A Fine Birthday Present.

A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.

An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor,
Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

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"LIGHTWEIGHT" PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

mean freedom in breathing. Weigh 2 oz. Any store 50c and \$1.00 postpaid for choicest patterns.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 809, Shirley, Mass.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"A health!
And here let Time hold still his restless
glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

JAPAN IS to adopt the English alphabet. If China would only follow suit, we might all be able to read our wash bills.

A LAKE MICHIGAN navigator proves that the earth is flat, because if you go up in a balloon on a calm day, the place from which you have ascended remains beneath you, instead of revolving off in space. We rather guess that will hold the scientists for a spell.

BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position;
glide over any paper; never
scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-
POINTED PENS are more durable, and are
ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.

H. Baldwin & Co., 99 William St., New York,
AND ALL STATIONERS.

ANTI BLOTTING
FEDERATION
HOLDER

ORMISTON & GLASS
LONDON

TO THE pure all
things are pure, so
if you are really as
good as you think
you are the Subway
air won't hurt you
a bit.

BOND & LILLARD
WHISKEY
IS THE BEST

FISHING IS re-
ported destroyed
in Port Arthur har-
bor. We should
think it would be
just the place for
shell fish.

Milo The Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

At your
club or dealer's

WILLCOX is a first class man for the Postmastership. Puck knows him well and will vouch for it that a postal card may be entrusted to his care with absolute confidence that he will not read it.

DR. CHANDLER may be right when he says the Subway air is the straight article, but we cut a hunk out of it with a pen-knife the other night and our analysis told a different tale. Our piece contained 30% of air and the balance was made up of camphor balls, fresh roasted peanuts and a dash of something else that we'll bet a dollar came either from Sunny Italy or Mulberry Street.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

**START THE
NEW YEAR
RIGHT**
BY ORDERING A SUPPLY OF
**Evans'
Ale**

How ABOUT the Carnegie libraries?
Are they all genuine? They look it.

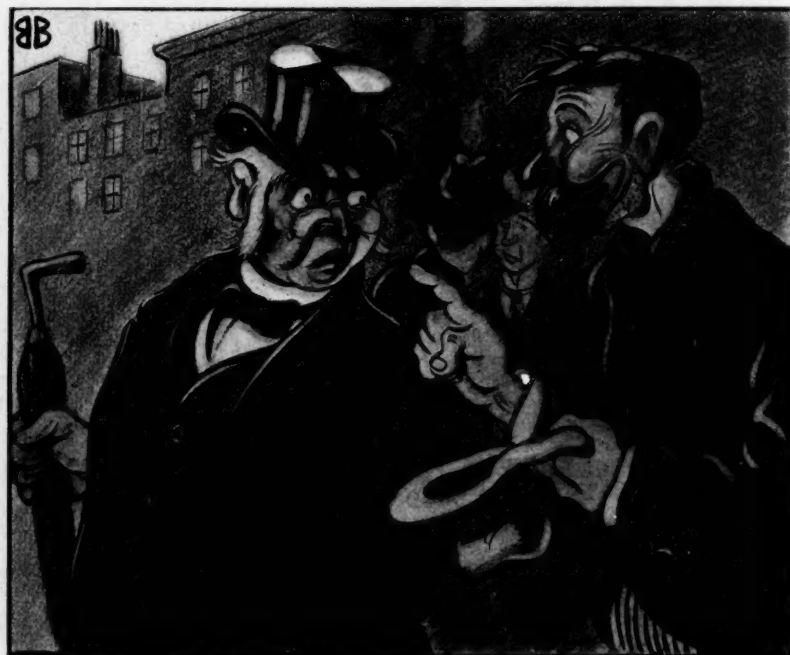
SEASONABLE COMMODITIES are all
dear in the Klondike. For example,
pepper costs \$3 the pound.

WE ARE thunder struck. The Uni-
versity of Chicago has discarded the
Doxology. What in thunder does the
D in Rockefeller's name stand for,
anyhow?

RECENT developments seem to indi-
cate that priceless as a woman's eyes
may be, they are mighty poor security
for a loan. There is evidently some-
thing rotten in our financial system.

TO TELL THE TRUTH
HUDSON WHISKEY
the Natural Product
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES
Sold The World Over

THE MAYER BROS. CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



REAL CRUELTY.

BEGGAR.—Kind sir, could you help a victim of the trusts? I
am starving!

CITIZEN.—How are the trusts responsible?

BEGGAR.—They shut down the factory where my wife had a
job, sir?

**THE Keeley
Cure**

for Liquor and
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been
skillfully and successfully administered by
medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE JAP IMMACULATE.

Beside food and ammunition, Japanese knapsacks contain a tooth-brush, a comb, a towel and a map of southern Manchuria. — War Letter.



NEAT JAPAN! Each week we hear
New reasons why your hosts are strong.
One secret of their strength is clear:
They never start the day awrong.

When bugles wake at break of day,
And morning gilds the Eastern lands,
Your troopers hasten, straightaway,
To some sweet stream and wash their hands.

That done, before the cannons boom,
And sword and bayonet leave the sheath,
Possessed of ample elbow room,
They kneel in files and brush their teeth.

Then crash! The sounds of war begin.
To give his foe an early scare
The Cossack tries, but midst the din,
The Jap, unflustered, combs his hair.

And last, before he bangs reply,
Ere bullets, shot and shrapnel whiz,
He spreads his map, where'er it's dry,
And finds exactly where he is.

Arthur H. Folwell.

As to Mrs. Chadwick, Hetty Green wires: "Never touched me."

"Do STARS explode?" asks a professor of astronomy. Well, there is Mr. Mansfield.

THE LONDON *Lancet* raises the question, "When is alcohol a food?" Usually the morning after.

As to that Peace Congress, Secretary Hay is still trying to get Russia on the wire, and Central still answers, "Busy."

A BOOK OF toasts and after-dinner oratory is among the new publications. Just the thing, we should say, for extemporaneous speakers.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



THE PEERLESS SEASONING.

SOME appetites need to be tempted. Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**. No other "just as good."

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

AWARDED
GOLD
MEDAL
ST. LOUIS
1904

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

PURITY
HEALTHFULNESS
BOUQUET

WELL, AT last it's sure to come. Nothing can stop it now. Guam wants tariff revision.

DON'T say the Protected Industries are n't good to you. They are. You can now bring in marble altars, duty free.

BEFORE SENATOR GRADY introduces his anti-cartoon bill, he might look up the experiences of one Pennypacker of Pennsylvania.

IN GUAM, so says the governor, the people are "very dirty but very religious." That is to say, in Guam something else is next to godliness.

BUNNER'S

SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

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" " " Cloth, 1.00

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AS TO PA'S DRAWING.

"Remember, my daughter, that marriage is but a lottery."

"Why, Papa, to hear you talk like that, one would say you thought Ma was a blank."

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IT HAS NO EQUAL

COOK'S Imperial CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

Our Patent Covers for Filing Puck are

SIMPLE,

STRONG, and EASILY

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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